Melodies

TO CERTAIN HYMNS.

By

J. F. WALENN.

144.

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MELODIES

TO

Certain Hymns in Use at the Church of St. Alban, Holborn

BY

J. FARQUHARSON WALENN

Fourth Impression

LONDON
W. KNOTT, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN
1922

JAMES FARQUHARSON WALENN.

Born January 16th, 1860,

Died February 10th, 1884:

For nearly five years Organist of St. Alban's, Holborn.

Is it just, is it friendly, when death has silenced all power of remonstrance, to make public a friend's work not meant by him, not planned or polished by him, for an audience indiscriminate? I gravely question it; and yet, in spite of misgivings, herewith (his relatives consenting) commit to print a slender handful of J. FARQUHARSON WALENN'S Hymns, persuaded thereto by no better reason than this, that to some they will give pleasure. One or two of the Hymns are dear and familiar to us all. In others less well known, his friends will find here and there an accent, unmistakable as a blackbird's note, which to them will recall something of the charm of his character and art.

This is not the place to put on record what we felt and feel about his genius. Of actual permanent achievement there was but little. All told, it is but

> "An adumbration faint; . . . .
> The sweet beginning of a tale unknown;
> A dream unspoken; promise unfulfilled;
> A morn with no noon; a rose unblown."

The completion shall, we trust, follow by and by, there, where "all we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist." I shall not forget the look upon his face, as one evening, no

long time before his death, he lay listening to Browning's *Abt Vogler*:—

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

These Hymns are not offered in evidence, nor is any defence of our opinion forthcoming, yet we who knew him well held him in truth one of the few in whose ear God has whispered, and of that goodly fellowship of musicians who reason not, but know.

May the love and grace of Christ grant him eternal place in that better country where the voice of God is not "still and small," but "as the sound of many waters."

E. F. R.

St. Alban's, Holborn,
Michaelmas, 1884.

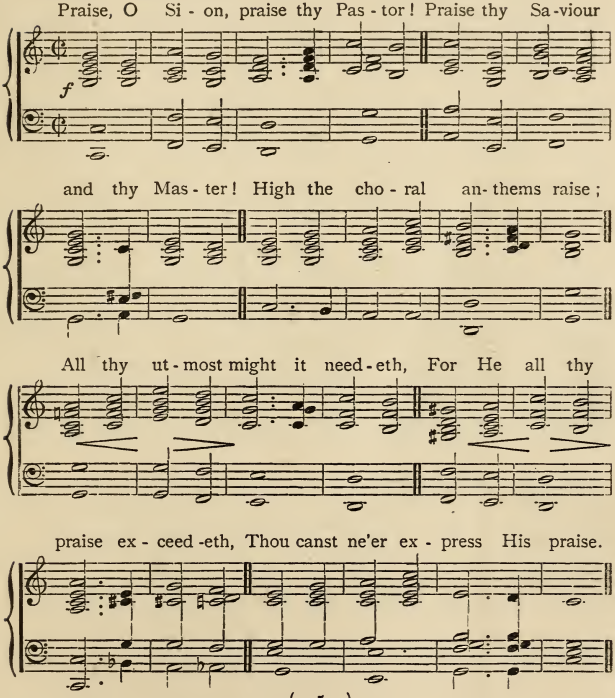
This little book, which has been for long out of print, is now reprinted at the wish of many friends who, even after the lapse of thirteen years, still find these melodies delightful.

E. F. R.

St. Alban's, Holborn,
Lent, 1898.

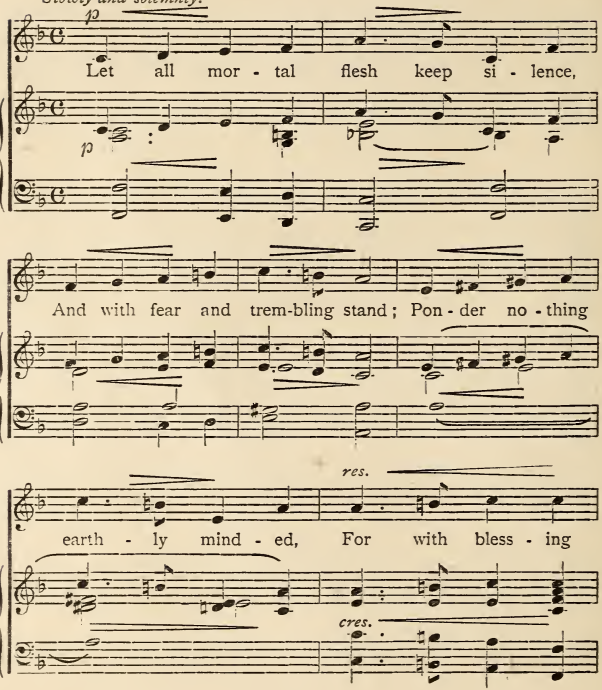
Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

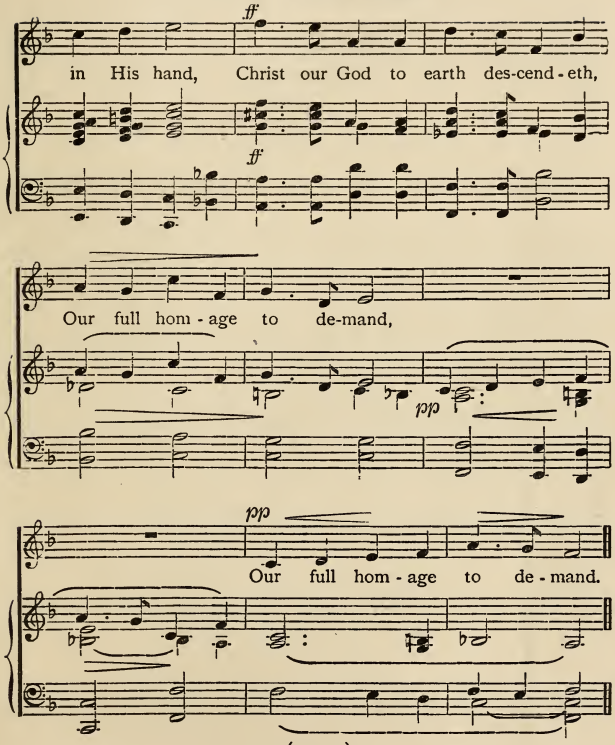
Maestoso. Voices in unison. No. 218, *St. Alban's Hymn Book.*



Let all mortal flesh.

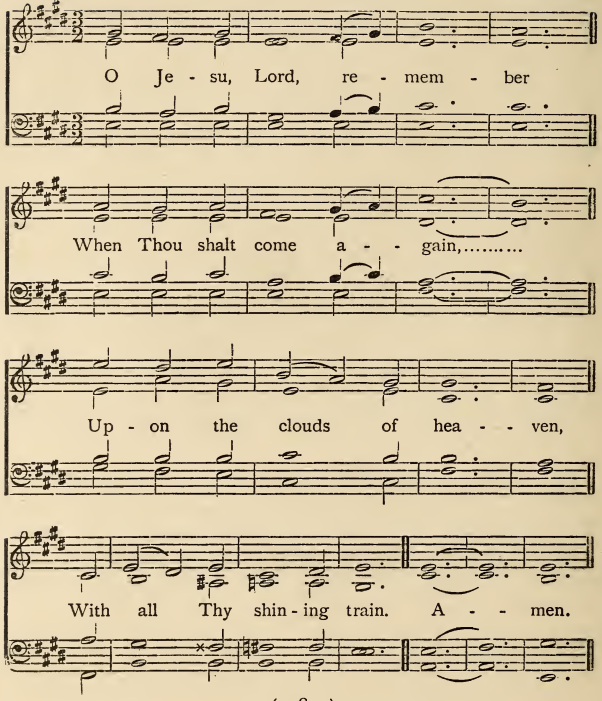
(Sung at the Children's Mass before the Consecration.)




ff
in His hand, Christ our God to earth des-cend-eth,
ff
Our full hom-age to de-mand,
pp
pp
Our full hom-age to de-mand.

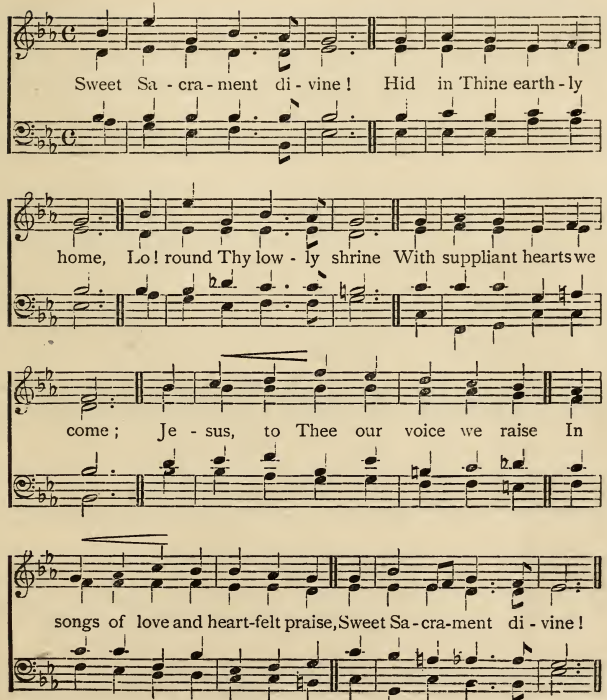
O Jesu, Lord, remember.

No. 222, *St. Alban's Hymn Book.*



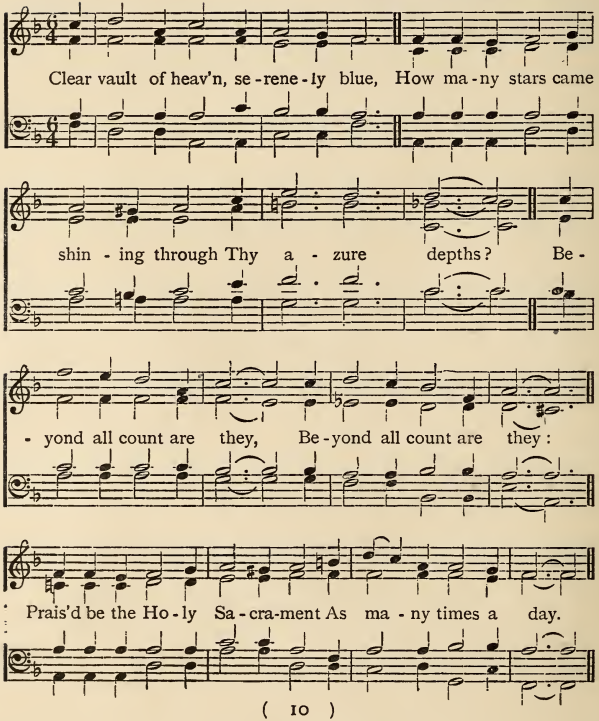
Sweet Sacrament divine!

No. 60, *Perseverance Manual.*



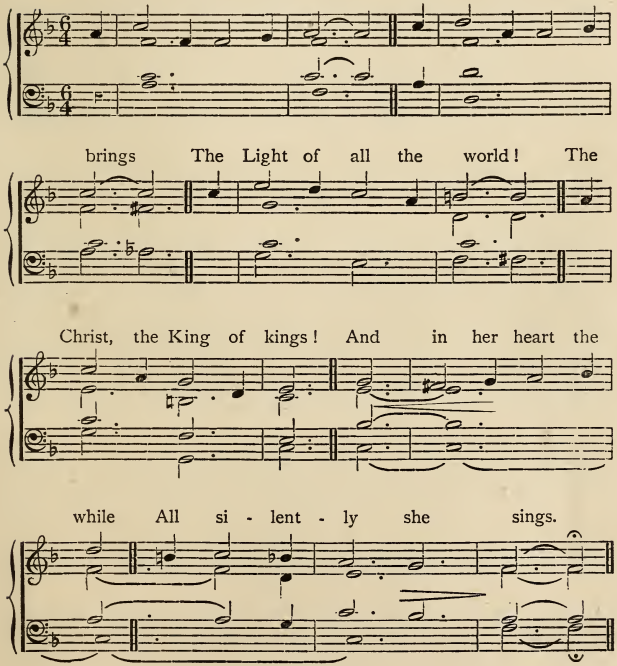
Praised be the Holy Sacrament.

No. 83, *Perseverance Manual.*



Joy, joy, the Mother comes.

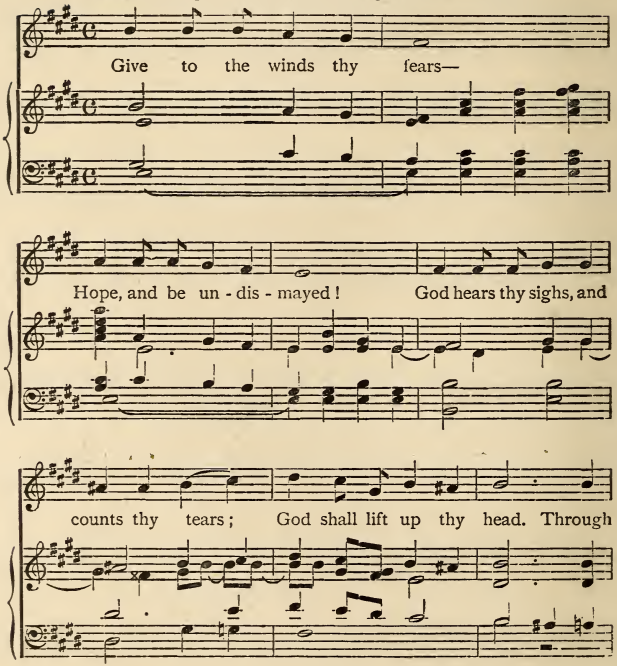
No. 77, *Perseverance Manual.*

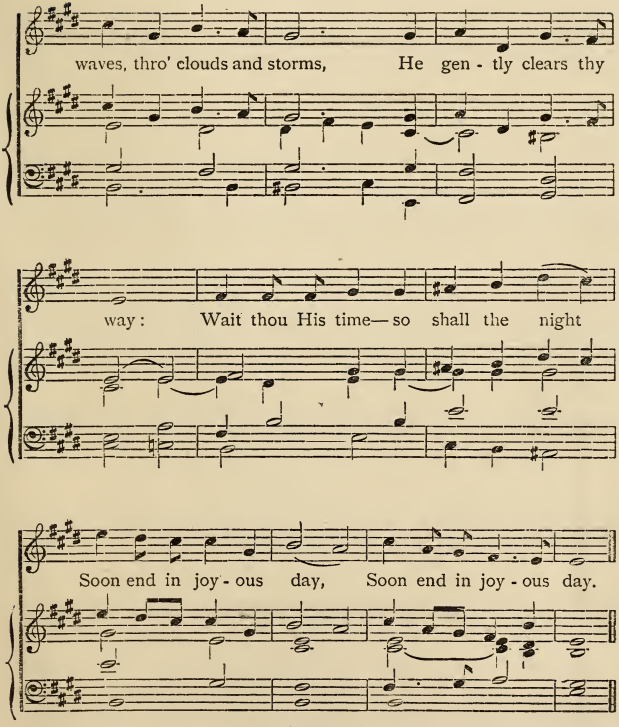


Give to the winds thy fears.

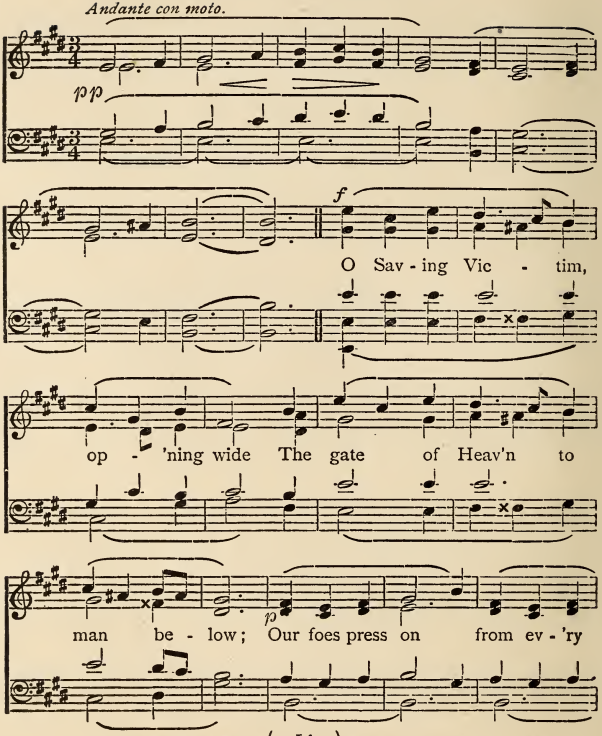
No. 92, *Perseverance Manual.*

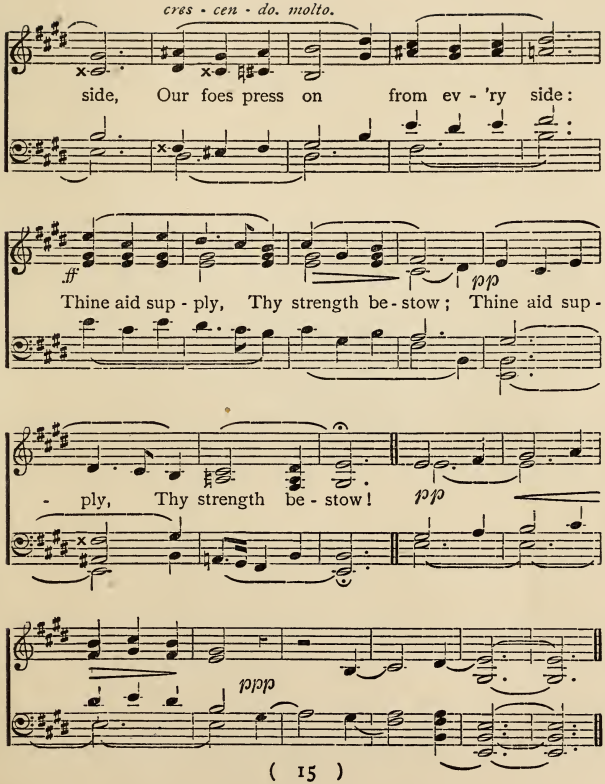
[His last writing. First sung at the Requiem at his funeral.]




waves, thro' clouds and storms, He gen - tly clears thy
way: Wait thou His time—so shall the night
Soon end in joy - ous day, Soon end in joy - ous day.

O Saving Victim!




cres - cen - do. molto.
side, Our foes press on from ev - 'ry side:
ff
pp
Thine aid sup - ply, Thy strength be - stow; Thine aid sup -
- ply, Thy strength be - stow!
pp
ppp

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